

## "ALL AMERICANS ARE GOATS!" THEN LOOEY SWUNG AND THE MEX. DROPPED

BY FRED L. BOALT

Mexico City, Mexico.—Loeey Bloom fooled us. We like him a lot better than we did.

To tell the truth, we didn't think much of Loeey under the portales. Nobody knew anything against him. He had been in Mexico, we knew, for years and years. He is an American expatriate. He deals in horses.

Probably we were on our guard against Loeey because he was a hoss trader. He knows horses, all right. Has trained dozens of 'em for multi-millionaire Spaniards for the Mexican derby. Yes; and he has had some winners in that classic event.

Nevertheless, when Loeey breezed among us under the portales, selling horses to officers and correspondents, we drew into our shells. In our snobish souls we told ourselves that it was as well to be careful.

### QUITE A DIFFERENCE



"When I was a boy, I never spoke to my grandfather as you speak to me."

"Aw, well, your grandfather didn't get your goat like mine does."

We would buy Loeey's horses, but we wouldn't mix with him socially.

Loeey promoted a couple of prize fights. Awful fuscos. He was always hanging around the bull ring, too. He knows everybody. When that dreadful assassin, Urrutia, came down from the capital, Loeey was one of the first to greet him. Loeey has a way of getting off into corners and whispering. We got the idea that he was up to tricks.

But he fooled us.

One day a tall, fierce Mexican visited the portales. He had had much pulque. He looked calmly dangerous. He said aloud that all Americanos were cowards. He said it first in Spanish. He repeated it in English.

He said that all Americans were goats. That is the worth thing a Mexican can say about anybody. We all heard him say it. He said it several times, offensively. He swallowed it. He looked dangerous.

But not Loeey. Loeey was at the next table. Loeey rose. So did the Mexican. Loeey, ridiculously squat in his riding breeches, was a head shorter than the Mexican.

He was so much shorter that he had to jump. He jumped and swung.

Loeey wears a diamond ring. The diamond is the size of the stopper of a vinegar cruett. When Loeey swung, the knuckles of his good right hand landed on the Mexican's eye. The diamond cut a gash in the Mexican's forehead.

The Mexican went down and stayed down. Loeey poked him curiously with the toe of his riding boot. Then he went quietly away. The Mexican jumped up and ran away. A marine caught him and he was put in the lockup.

Now we vie for the honor of Loeey's company at our tables under the portales. He is promoting another prize fight, and the least we can do is to buy tickets.